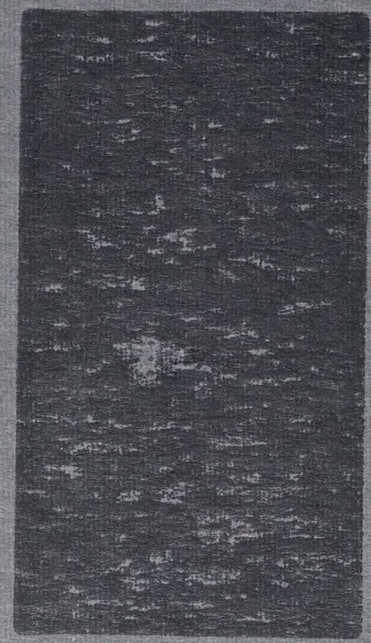
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THREE SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE

Set to music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

I

Take, O take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

II

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who,
Tu-whit, Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan dost keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who,
Tu-whit, Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

III

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.
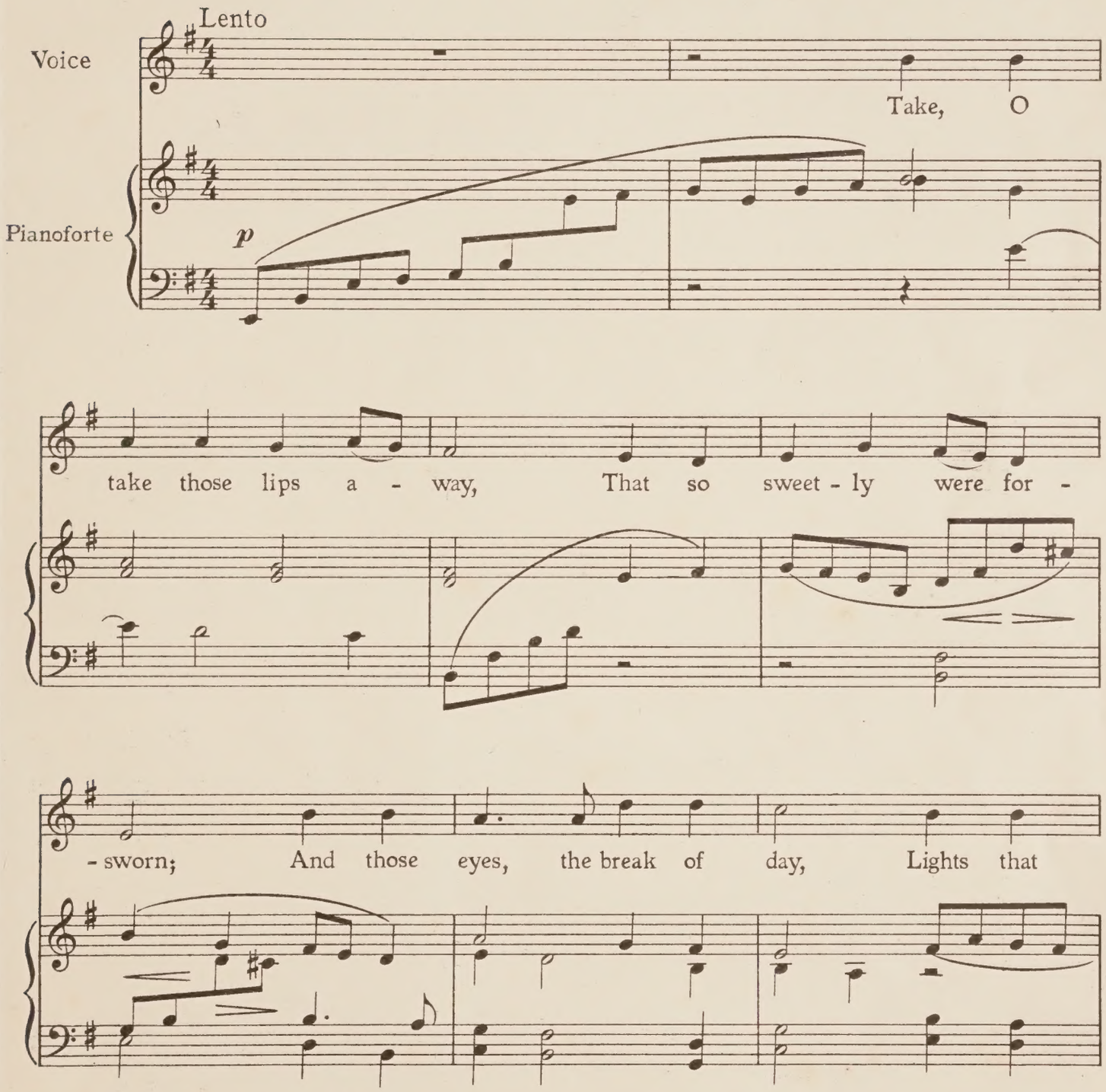
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
    Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

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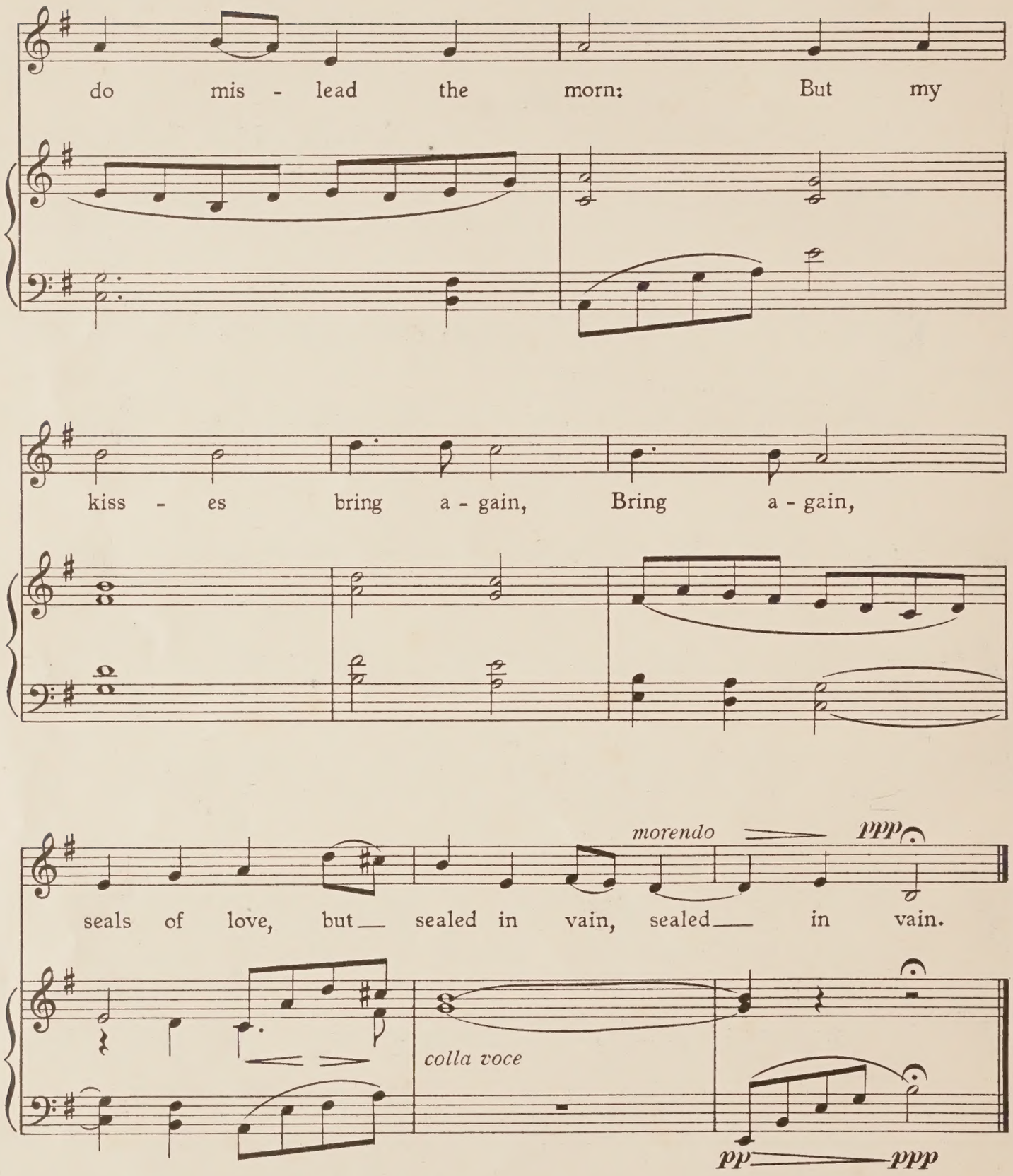
TAKE, O TAKE

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

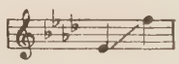


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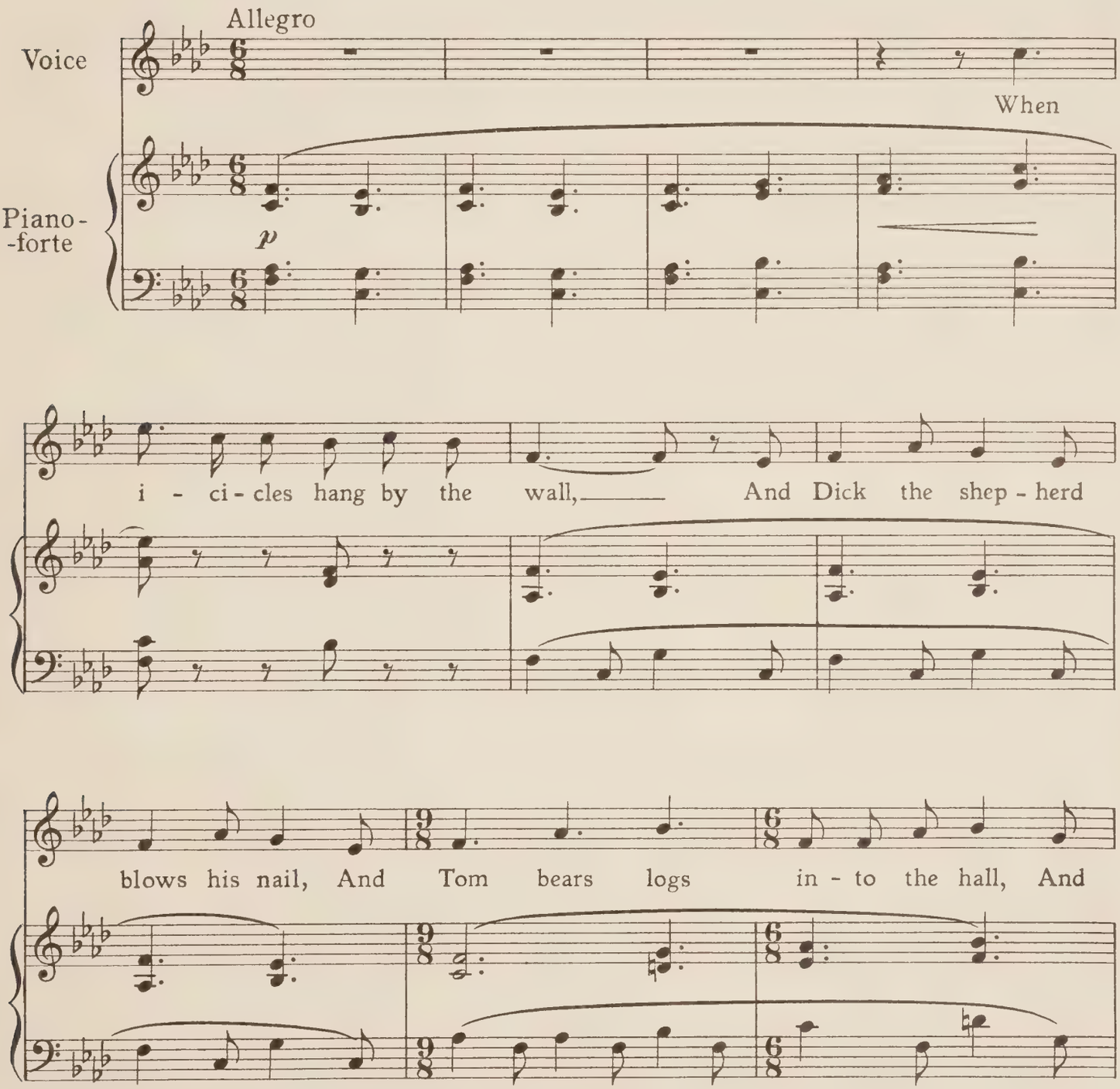
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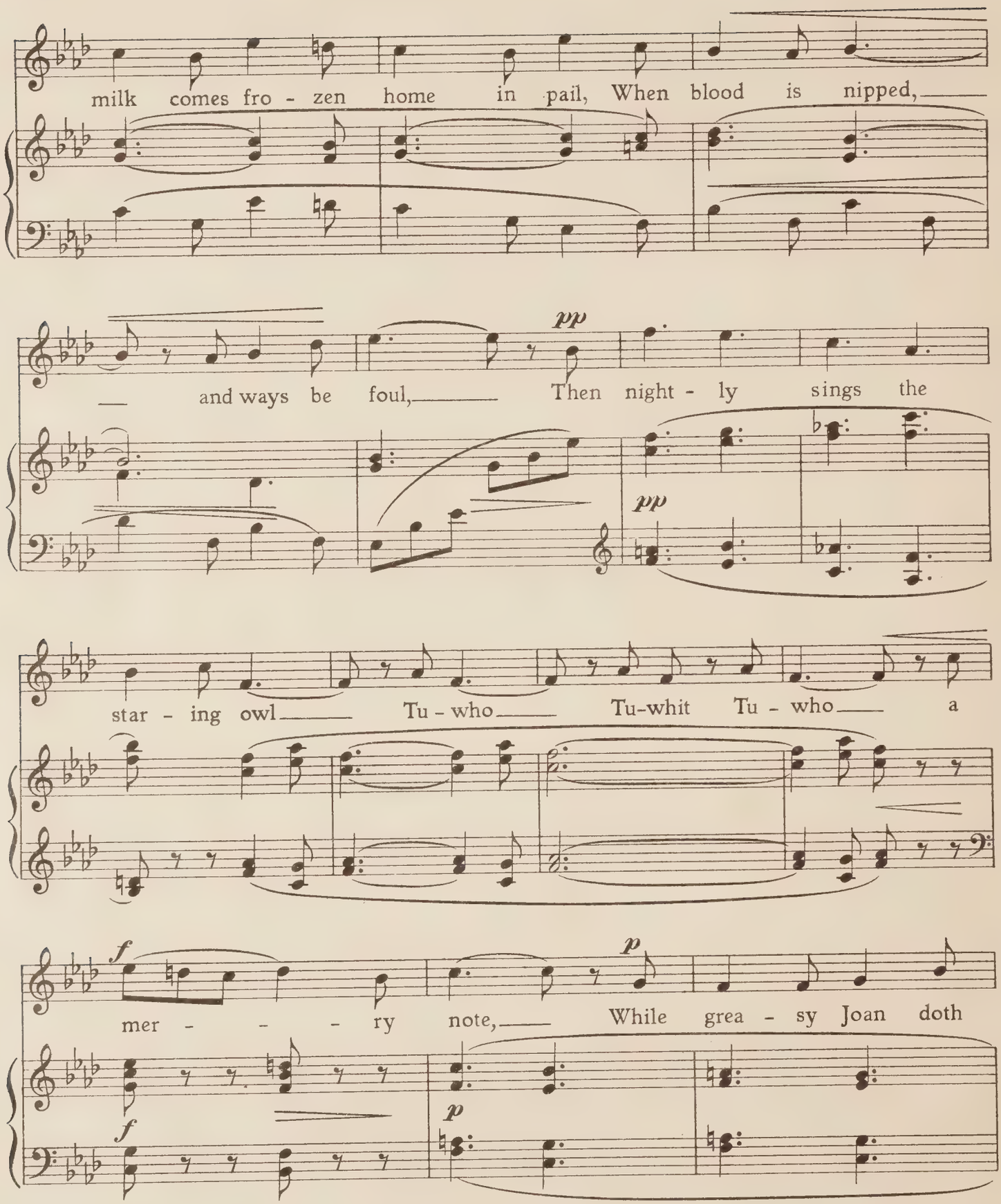

do mis - lead the morn: But my
kiss - es bring a - gain, Bring a - gain,
morendo
ppp
seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.
colla voce
pp
ppp
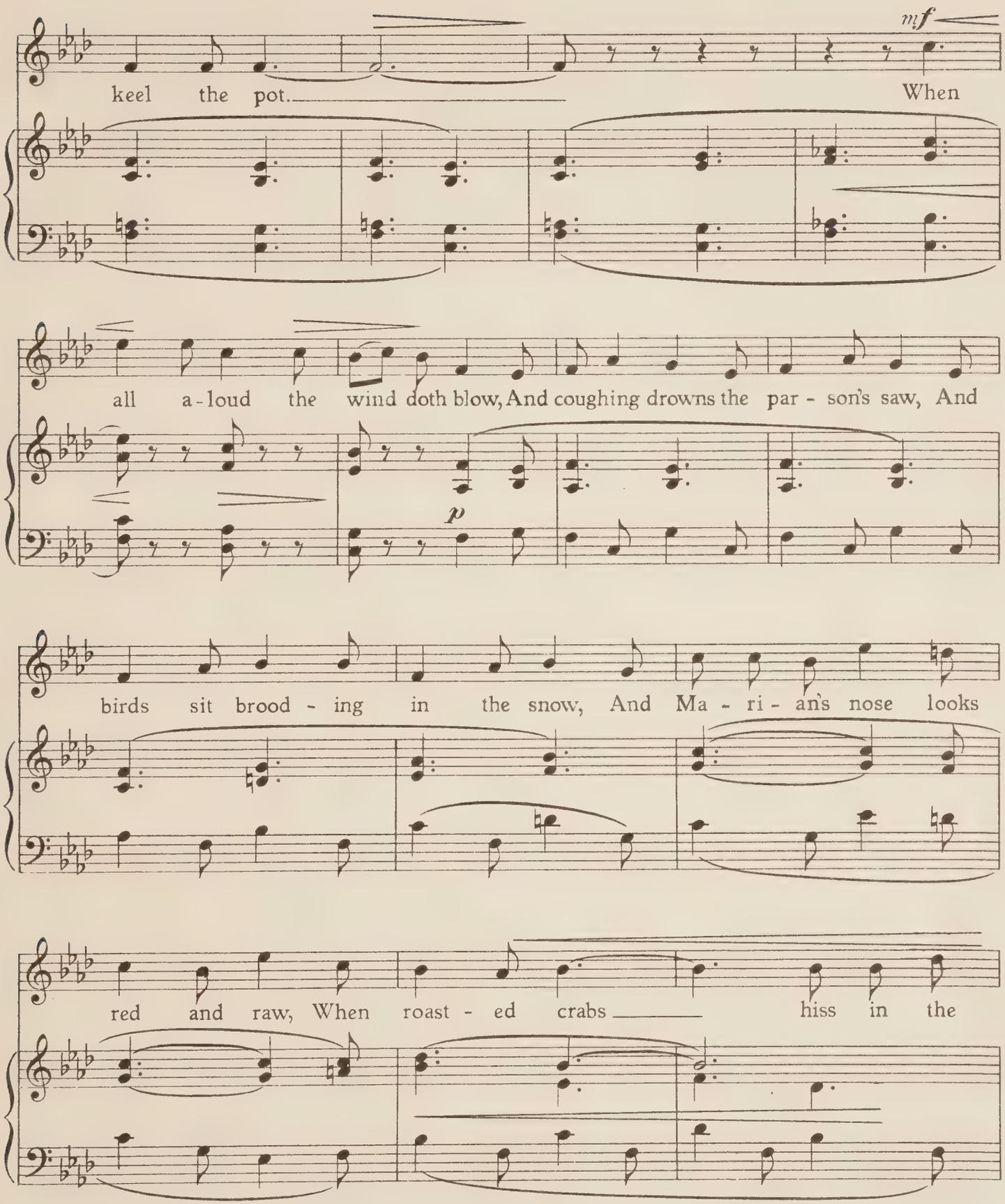
WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

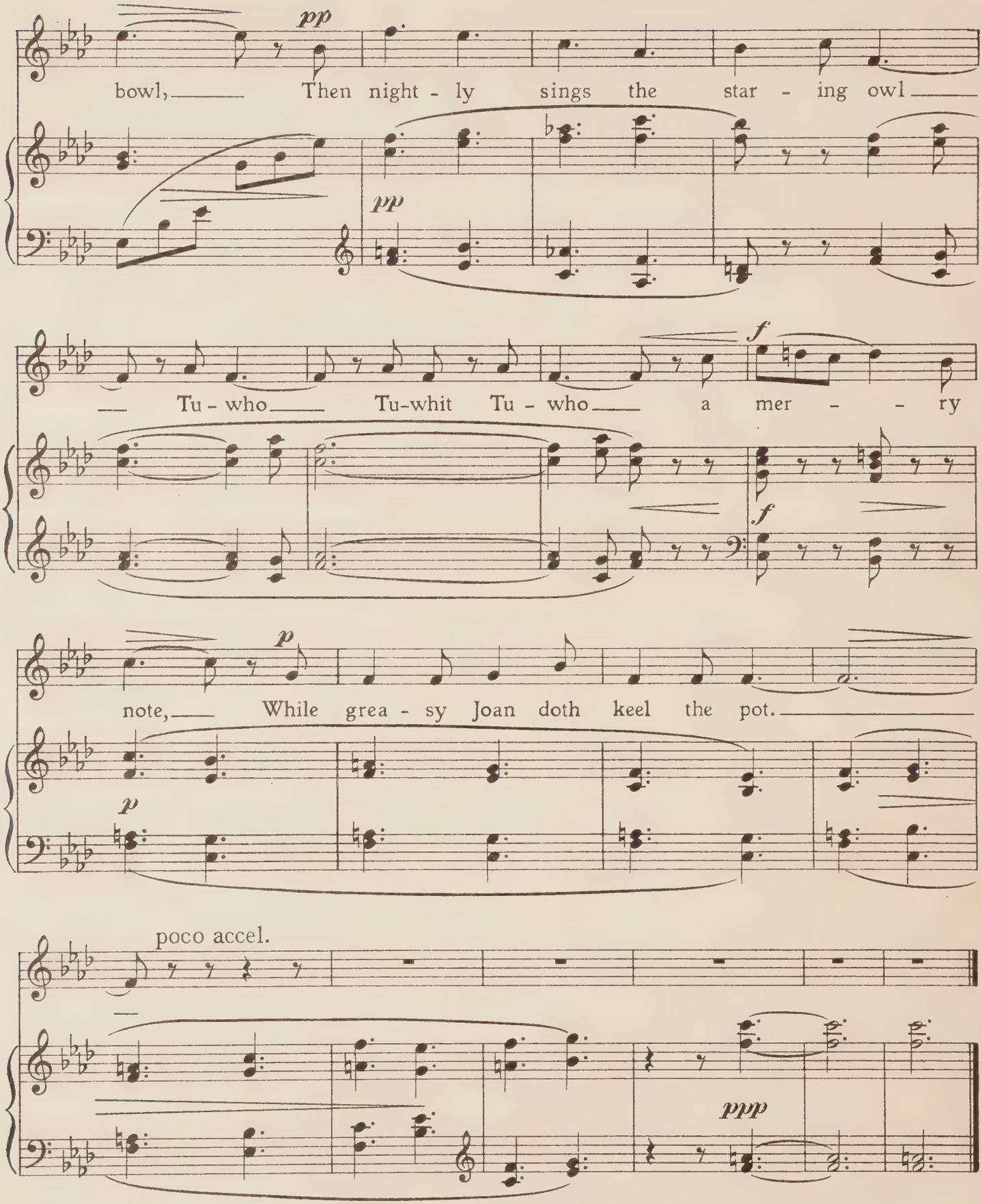


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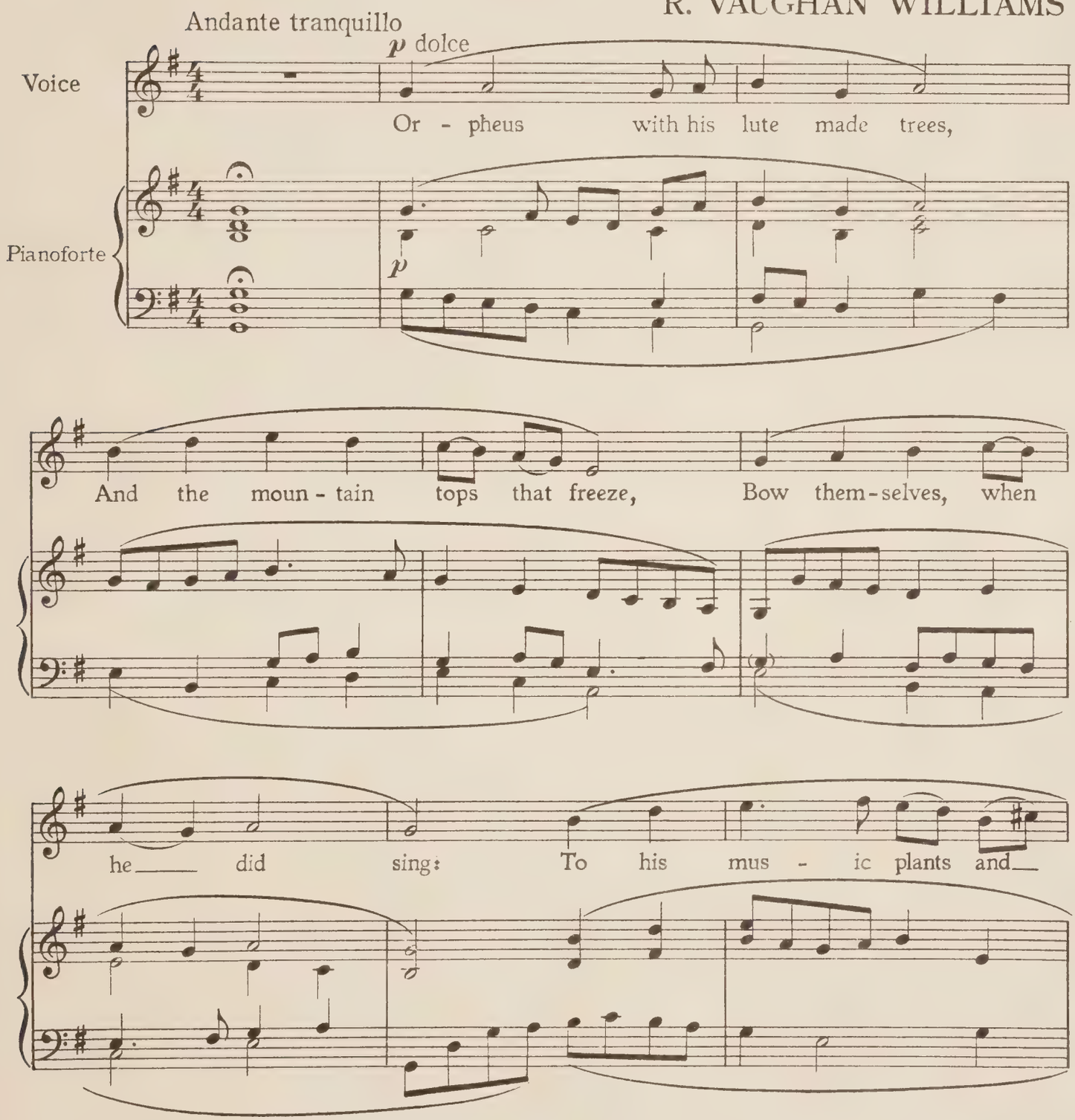



milk comes fro - zen home in pail, When blood is nipped,
pp
and ways be foul, Then night - ly sings the
pp
star - ing owl Tu - who Tu-whit Tu - who a
f
mer - - - ry note, While grea - sy Joan doth
p
f
p

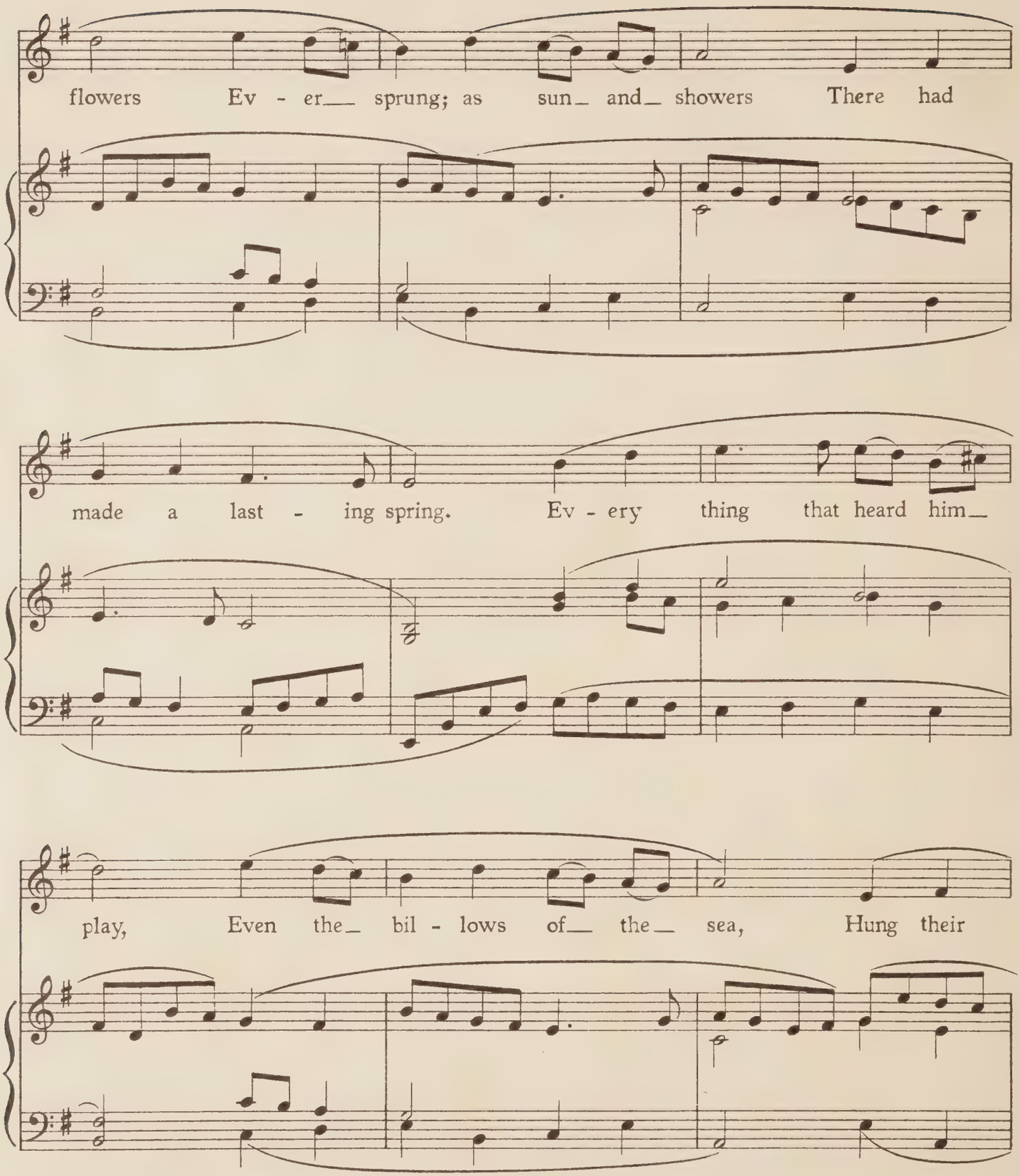

mf
keel the pot. When
all a-loud the wind doth blow, And coughing drowns the par-son's saw, And
p
birds sit brood-ing in the snow, And Ma-ri-an's nose looks
red and raw, When roast-ed crabs hiss in the

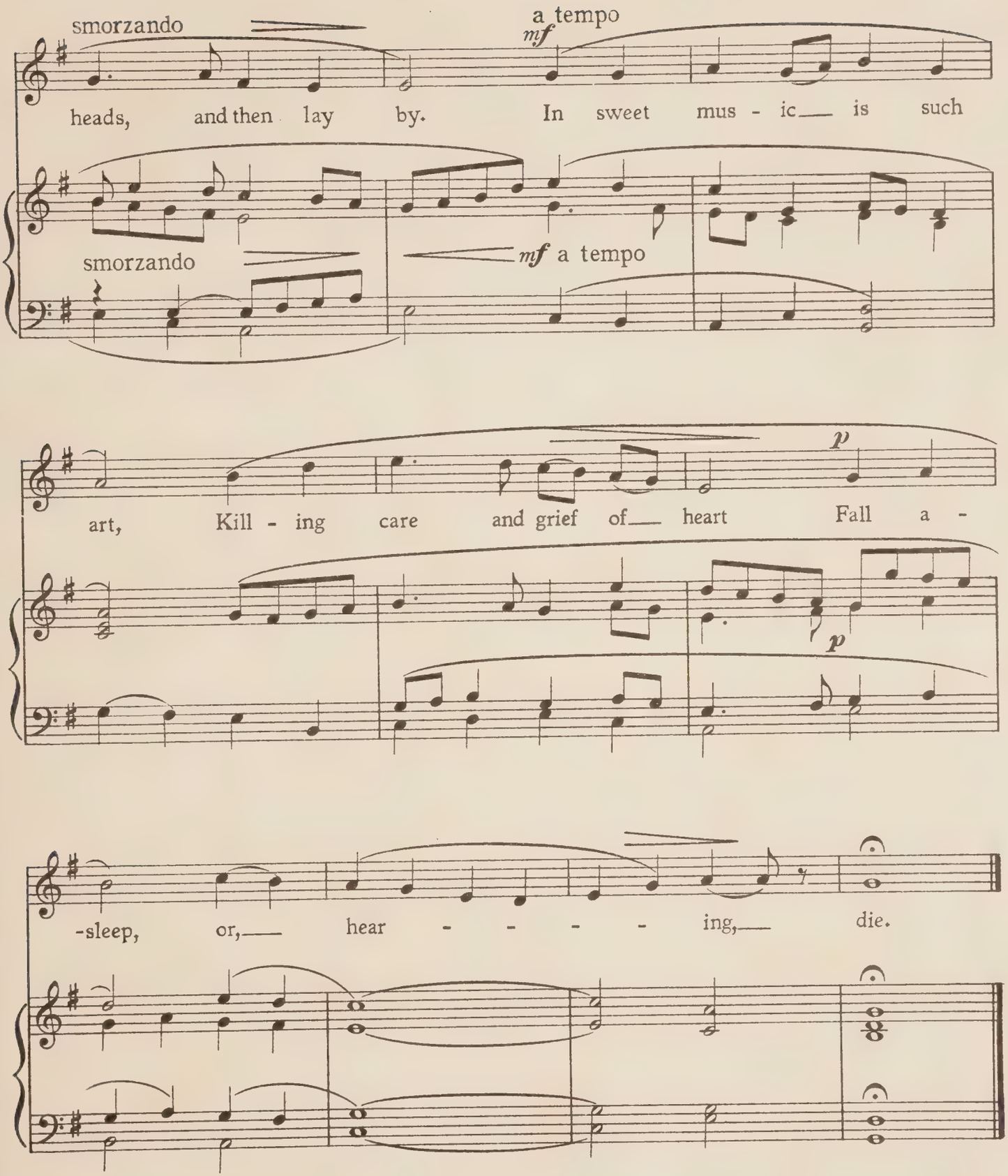

pp
bowl, Then night - ly sings the star - ing owl
pp
f
Tu - who Tu-whit Tu - who a mer - - ry
f
p
note, While grea - sy Joan doth keel the pot.
p
poco accel.
ppp

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

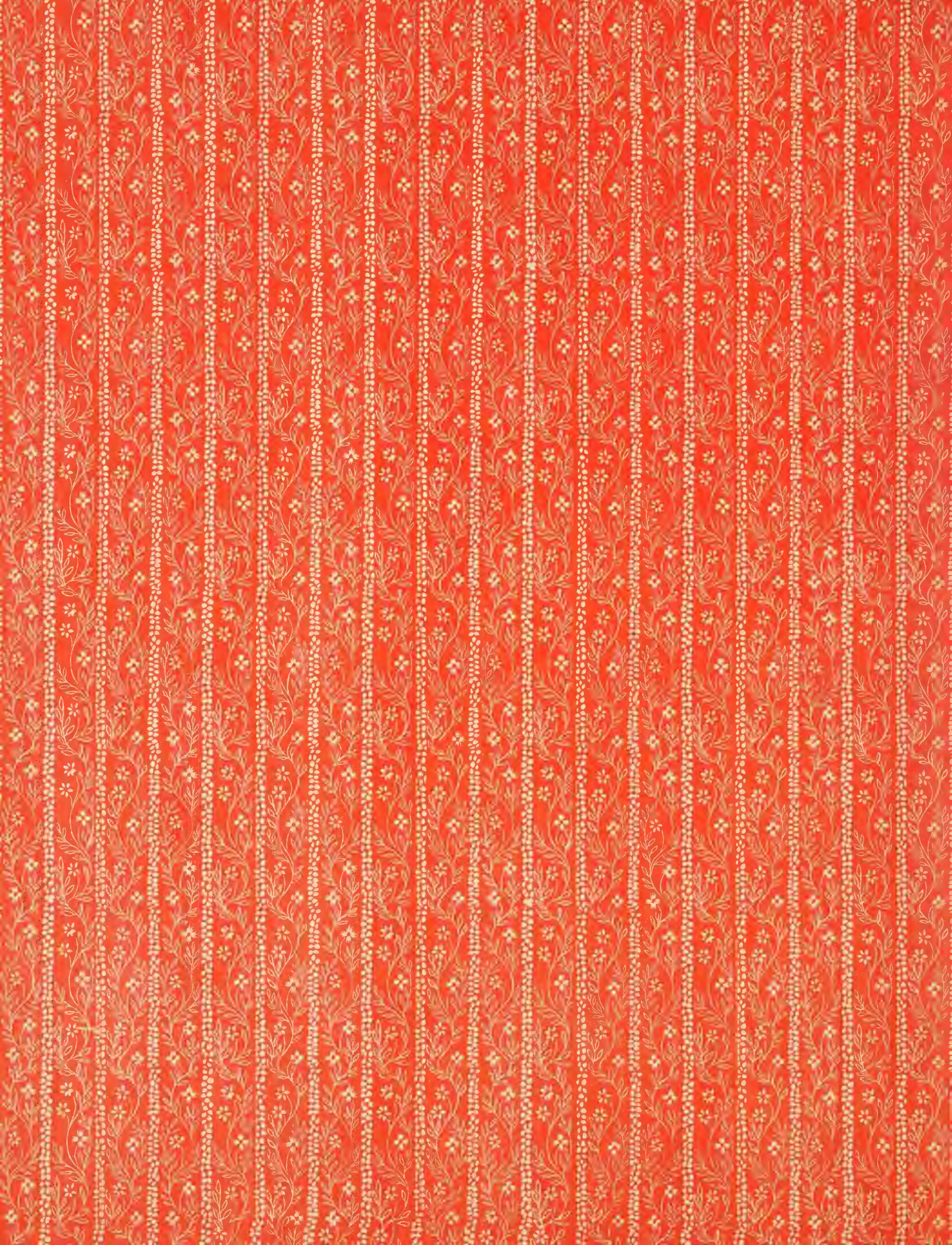



flowers Ev - er sprung; as sun and showers There had
made a last - ing spring. Ev - ery thing that heard him
play, Even the bil - lows of the sea, Hung their



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